sends his compliments to you. Yesterday I dined with Cubieres (late *Scuyer cavalcadour du Roi*), whom you remember with a pretty house and garden at Versailles. He is a wit and very merry. He is engaged in the *fournitures de foin pour la Republique.*

The other night Madame de Valence[1] gave a ball, *chez ma tante,* to a vast number of *ci-devants** who ate and drank, laughed and danced as if they had not a friend absent or one murdered—when, behold! in comes Madame Tallien, and all the women went away. Can you imagine such folly, in their circumstances and misfortunes? I will venture to say there was scarcely one but had directly or indirectly asked, or will soon ask, a favour of that woman, whose greatest crimes, perhaps, are her beauty and her riches.

M. d'Hautefort maintains a *grand etat,* and gives the best concerts and *diners fins* in Paris, without any other means but his *old ones.* Madame de Maulde and her daughters visited and dined there, as they are ever in the same court; but they found out that Mademoiselle Henriette, whom

1 Daughter of Madame de Genlis.
2, *Ma tante*, was the nickname for Madame de Montesson.
The *ci-devants* were the ex-nobility.